

Radigost, Paths of Chronos

Millenniums, swallowing lives of nations
and casting generations down in the dust and oblivion,
mortifying hopes of people, why can't I touch your spectral surface.
Why can't I see my future and my past?
Chronicles of mankind's existence, ruins of great cities,
all drowned in the time sand, all was life somewhere,
somewhere in the past. (But could I be there?)
River of times flowing with countless streams of lives,
parallel realities and unrealizable future, can I find my ship in you?
Whirl of destiny and the waters of Chronos
are interlacing in the thin string of life.
Voices of infinity are heard in the every thought
and every thought is the beginning of lives of many.
Every soul is eternal in the tunnels and roads of possible destinies.
And I will pour myself in this flow of time.
I will leave my trace in the page of eternity.